JOSEPH M. SCHENCK Presents

NORMA TALMADGE in "Secrets"

Price 25¢

Max Rée.

Memory Lane

Words by
B. G. DE SYLVA

Music by
LARRY SPIER
and CON CONRAD

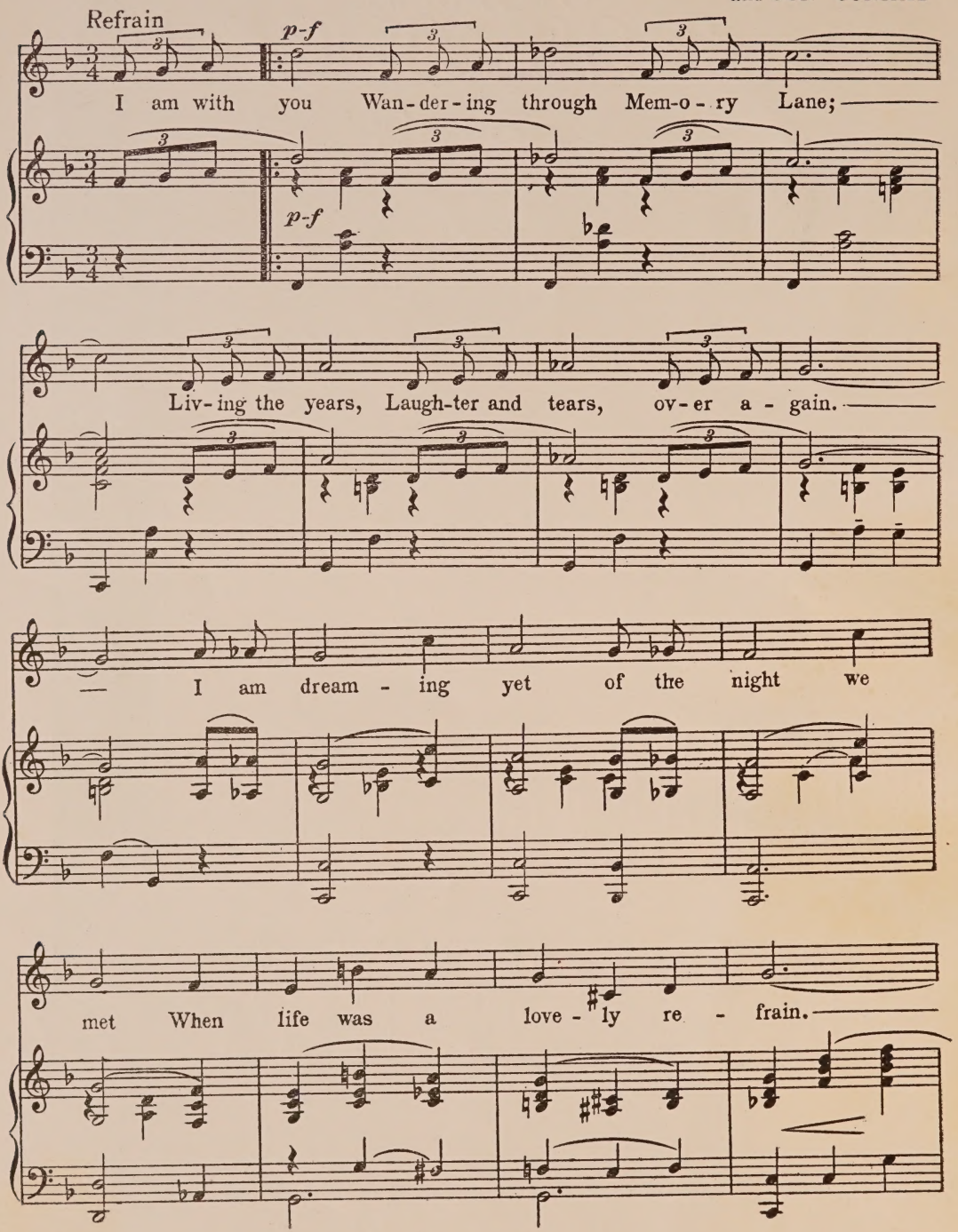
Refrain
p-f
I am with you Wan-der-ing through Mem-o-ry Lane;
Liv-ing the years, Laugh-ter and tears, ov-er a-gain.
I am dream-ing yet of the night we
met When life was a love-ly re-frain.

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Photo by Lucas Kanarian

"Love Fadeth Not To Yellow Like The Rose"

HASSAN—ACT IV.

LOVE FADETH NOT
Dedicated to Norma Talmadge
in
"SECRETS"

Love fadeth not to yellow like the rose,
But into glowing gold like autumn leaves
Upon the swaying poplar by the stream.
Time is no cold and ghostly death-o'-dream,
That o'er old beds of violets leans and grieves,
While staleness into horror slowly grows.
The dream abides till the last sunset glows
With far clairvoyant heraldries; bereaves
The dark of its grim terror, and agleam
With an unearthly beauty, rends the scheme
That veils us from the truth—and fancy weaves
No fabric fairer than the truth, no fairer knows,
Saith Reason, all thy wisdom is amiss,
And all thy life forlorn, not knowing this.

O. M. DENNIS.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
presents
NORMA TALMADGE
IN
"SECRETS"

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LOS ANGELES CALIF Feb 15th 1924

MR AND MRS J M SCHENCK
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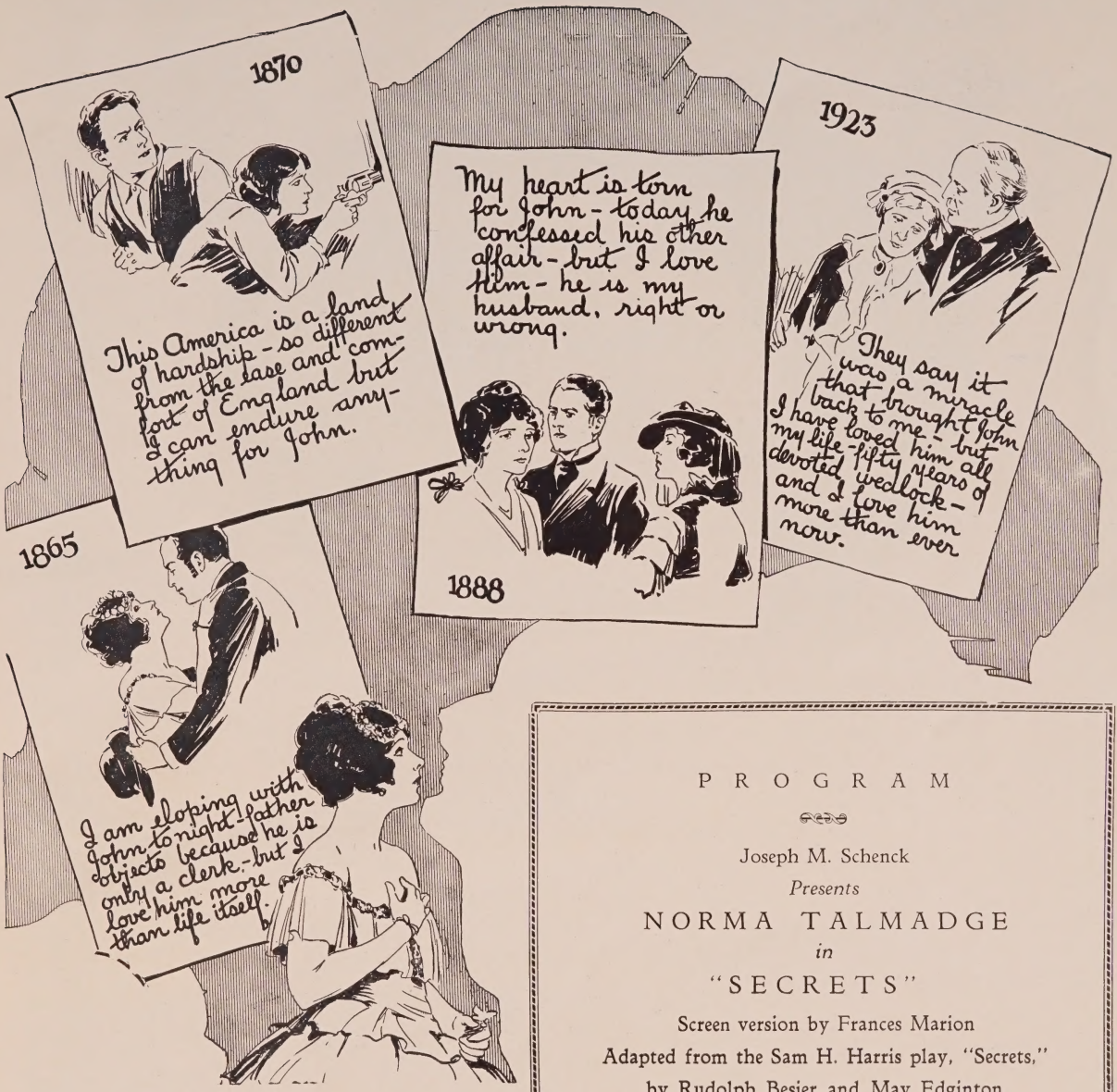
NEW YORK CITY NY

LAST TIME I SAW NORMA SHE SAID NO PICTURE WOULD EVER BE MADE THAT WOULD LAST AND LAMENTED PERISHABILITY OF SCREEN WORK HAVE JUST SEEN A PRIVATE SHOWING OF SECRETS AND THINK IT WILL LAST FOR MANY MANY DECADES NO PICTURE EVEN APPROACHING IT HAS EVER BEEN MADE AND IF THERE HAS BEEN DISCUSSION AS TO WHO IS WORLDS GREATEST SCREEN ACTRESS IT WILL BE SILENCED BY THIS FILM AS IT WAS ENDED FOR ME WHEN I SAW SMILIN THROUGH WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS ARTISTICALLY NORMA COMES INTO HER OWN AND THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THIS EARLY MATURITY ECLIPSES EVEN THE BRILLIANT PROMISE OF HER EARLIER YOUTH

HALLETT ABEND
DRAMATIC AND MOTION PICTURE EDITOR LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in "Secrets"

1865
I am eloping with John tonight - father objects because he is only a clerk - but I love him more than life itself.
1870
This America is a land of hardship - so different from the ease and comfort of England but I can endure anything for John.
1888
My heart is torn for John - today he confessed his other affair - but I love him - he is my husband, right or wrong.
1923
They say it was a miracle that brought John back to me - but I have loved him all my life - fifty years of devoted wedlock - and I love him more than ever now.

P R O G R A M

Joseph M. Schenck

Presents

NORMA TALMADGE

in

"SECRETS"

Screen version by Frances Marion

Adapted from the Sam H. Harris play, "Secrets,"

by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton

Directed by Frank Borzage

Photography by Antonio Gaudio

Art Direction by Stephen Goosson

Costumes by Clare West

A First National Attraction

Presentation and musical score by Capitol Theatre Staff under the personal supervision of Rothafel.

Cover design by Max Rée
Sketches by Kliz
Program by Beulah Livingstone

Photograph by Kesslere

PROGRAM—*Continued*

PROLOGUE

"MEMORY LANE"

Voices

William Robyn Gladys Rice

Dancers

Elma Bayer Sylvia Stern Carlos Conte

1923

MARY CARLTON	*Norma Talmadge*
JOHN CARLTON	*Eugene O'Brien*
DR. ARBUTHNOT	*Winter Hall*
ROBERT CARLTON	*Frank Elliott*
JOHN CARLTON, JR.	*George Cowl*
AUDREY CARLTON	*Clarissa Selwynne*
LADY LESSINGTON	*Florence Wix*

1865

MARY MARLOWE	*Norma Talmadge*
JOHN CARLTON	*Eugene O'Brien*
SUSAN	*Patterson Dial*
MRS. MARLOWE	*Emily Fitzroy*
ELIZABETH CHANNING	*Claire McDowell*
WILLIAM MARLOWE	*George Nichols*

1870

MARY CARLTON	*Norma Talmadge*
JOHN CARLTON	*Eugene O'Brien*
BOB	*Harvey Clark*
DR. MCGOVERN	*Charles Ogle*

1888

MARY CARLTON	*Norma Talmadge*
JOHN CARLTON	*Eugene O'Brien*
JOHN CARLTON, JR.	*Francis Feeney*
BLANCHE CARLTON	*Alice Day*
ROBERT CARLTON	*Winston Miller*
AUDREY CARLTON	*May Giraci*
MRS. MAINWARING	*Gertrude Astor*

1923

MARY CARLTON	*Norma Talmadge*
JOHN CARLTON	*Eugene O'Brien*
DR. ARBUTHNOT	*Winter Hall*
ROBERT CARLTON	*Frank Elliott*
JOHN CARLTON, JR.	*George Cowl*
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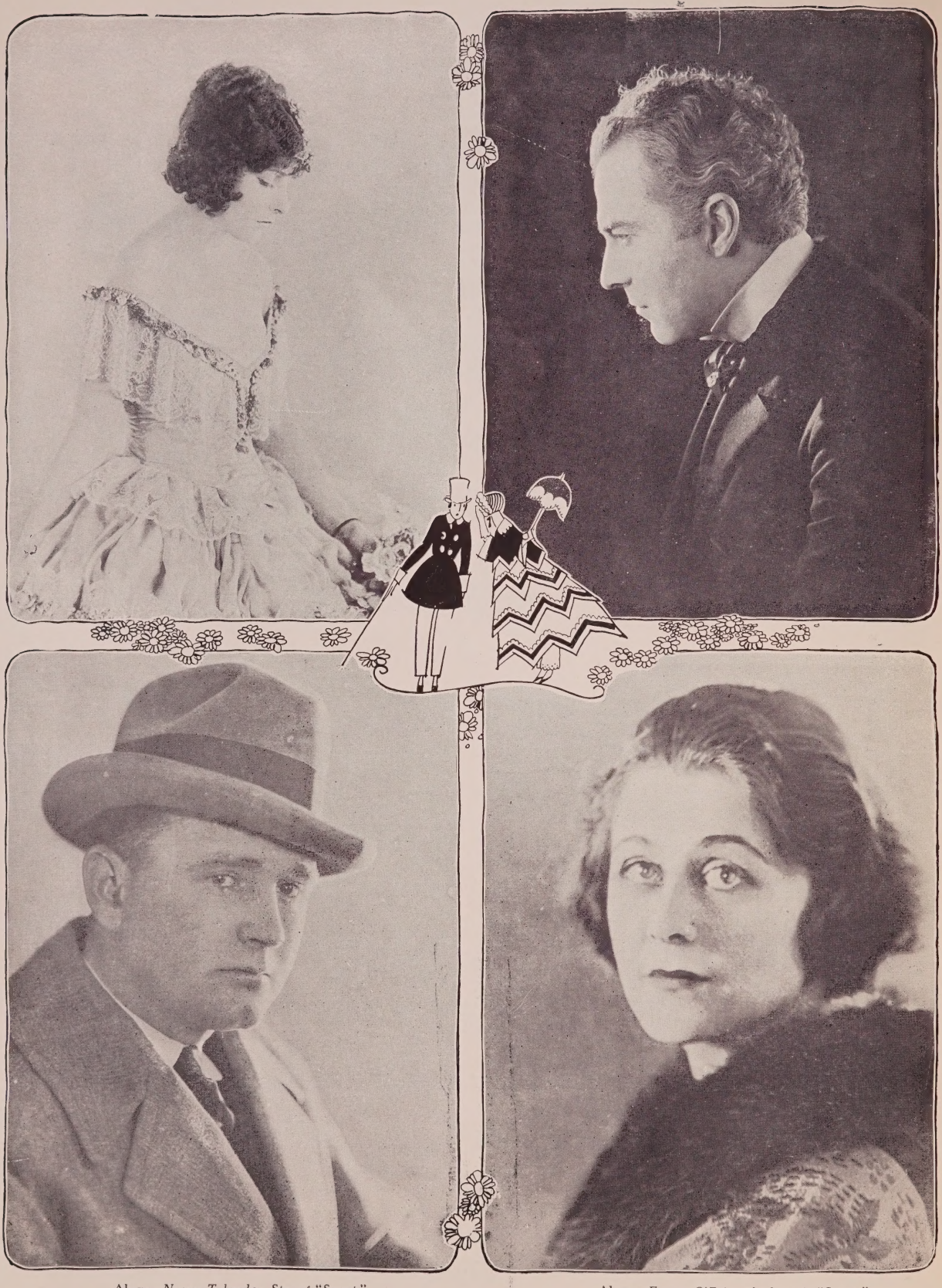


Above—*Norma Talmadge, Star of "Secrets"*
Below—*Frank Borzage, who directed "Secrets"*

Above—*Eugene O'Brien, the lover in "Secrets"*
Below—*Frances Marion, who adapted "Secrets" for the screen from the stage play*

THE STORY

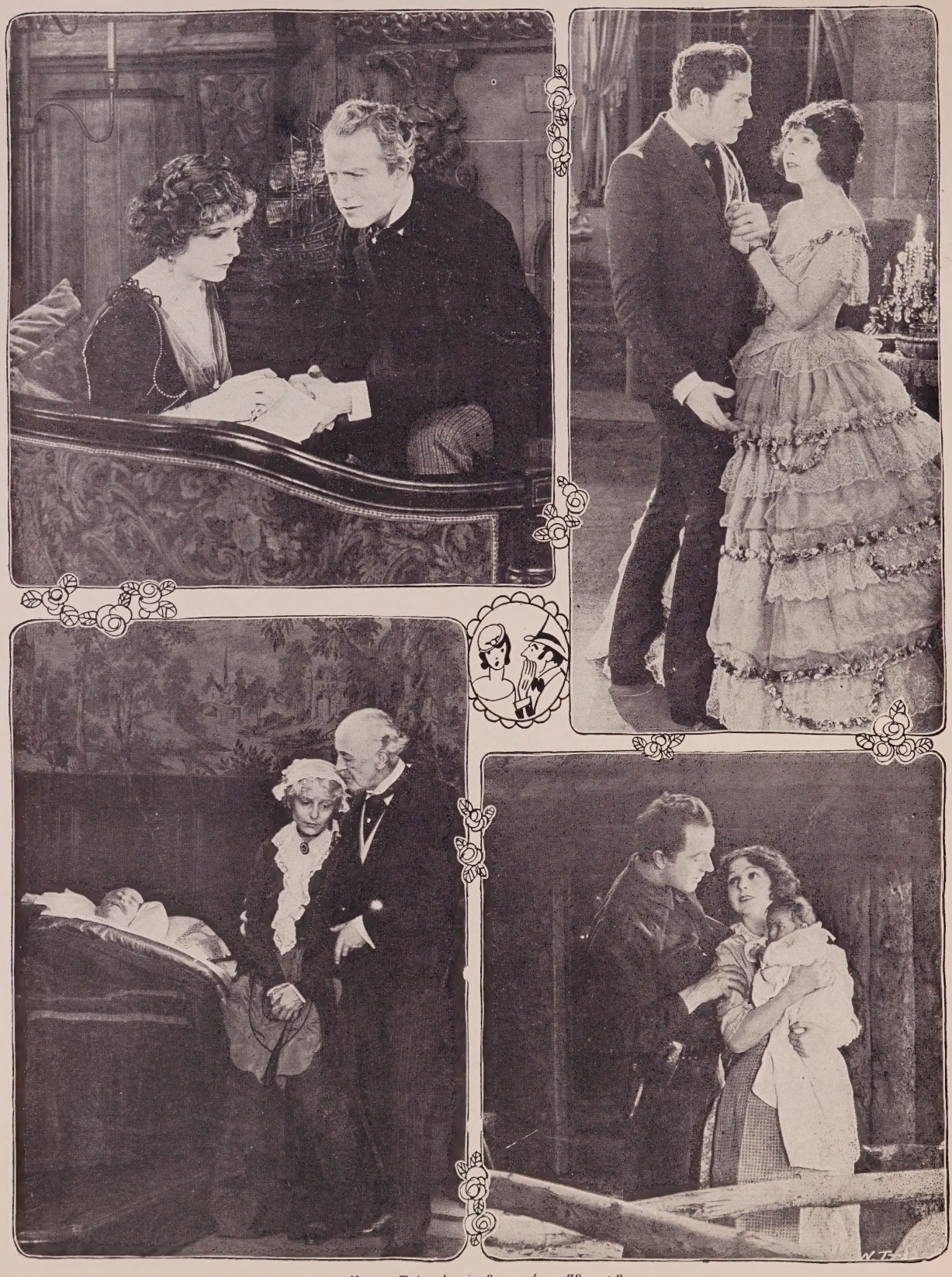
"Love that lasteth till it's old fadeth not in haste."—Old Song.

"Secrets" is one of the most beautiful love stories ever told. It is a very human romance which reveals the innermost thoughts, emotions, experiences and philosophy in the life of Mary Marlowe, afterwards Lady Carlton, an English gentlewoman, who has loved and been loved by one man for more than fifty years. In the Winter of their days together, Mary has learned all her husband's weaknesses as well as his strength. She has plumbed the depths of wifely abasement and the heroism of sacrifice, until there are times when she remarks: "I did not know that so much pain could be crowded into one heart." But through all the inexorabilities of time she continues to remain a devoted pilgrim along the unbroken path of love. Mary Carlton is a characterization of rare nobility. Her biggest secret is the wife's sacrifice to the true spirit of devotion—the secret of womanly triumph.

"Secrets" was presented on the speaking stage by Sam H. Harris, and has proved one of the greatest dramatic successes in London as well as New York. The play is by Rudolph Besier and May Edginton, and has been adapted for the screen by Frances Marion, and directed by Frank Borzage.

The story calls for the impersonation of Mary Carlton in four various ages in her life and experiences, and in each of these Norma Talmadge has an opportunity to show the great variety of her art which has made her acknowledged the most versatile, as well as the greatest emotional actress on the screen. First, we meet a charming and whimsical little old lady resembling the portrait of Whistler's "Mother." Her husband, Sir John Carlton, a querulous old man, sick and demanding, is constantly calling from his bedside: "Mary, come here, I want you," and her children with the exception of John, the eldest son, marvel at their mother's patience, obedience and devotion, to the selfish old man. Being self-centered, they have never learned the great secret of their mother's soul,—her belief and life-long faith in the innate nobility of all that is good and beautiful in the human race; her understanding love which for over half a century, has been big enough to forgive even her husband's infidelities, knowing that he would always come home to her to be comforted, and that all other women in his life were mere infatuations and that she alone held his everlasting love.

The audience is let into the innermost secrets of Mary's life by means of a worn old diary, the entries of which live and breathe on the screen as the little old lady turns the pages. The scenes shift to a mid-

Continued on Page Eleven

Norma Talmadge in Scenes from "Secrets"

Victorian period of Crinoline Days, and Mary is a young girl, in her early 'teens, who elopes with John Carlton, a penniless clerk in her father's employ. For him she gives up wealth and family, allowing nothing to come between their love. Three years later we see them in America, living in a rough hut on the wild Wyoming plains, he fighting ruthlessly forward to success, often bruising his shins against men and passions, but always coming back to Mary for understanding, inspiration and consolation. She is fighting, too, but silently, ever thinking just a bit ahead of her husband. Then we see them having passed through the physical dangers of the West, returned to England in 1888. Mary's husband is now a wealthy man, knighted, and on the way to a peerage. She is in her early forties and still the demure and obedient little wife, and when her parents come to report to her an impending divorce scandal, in which her husband is to be named as co-respondent, Mary surprises them by telling them she knows all about it. There is a dramatic scene between husband and wife and the "other woman," but it ends by Sir John telling Mary—what she already knows—that despite his unfaithfulness, she is the only woman he loves or has ever loved, and when he calls to her: "Mary, come here, I want you," she folds her arms about him and they decide to begin all over again. Then we come back to the present time, when old Sir John is on his sick bed, still calling to his aged wife, "Mary, I want you."

"Secrets" is a thoughtful story of heart interest, generously sprinkled with humor, adventure and tense dramatic moments. It is a gay perusal of the old-fashioned family album which, by the cinematographic magic, brings the quaint portraits out from their frames, letting us into the secrets of their motives and actions, and making them very real indeed.

Beulah Livingstone

NORMA TALMADGE

Lives Whole Life Time from Youth to Old Age In One Film

In "Secrets" Norma Talmadge changes her age with every change of costume. Starting out in London in 1923 the story switches to Blakheath, England in 1865, where Mary Marlowe care-free, bright-eyed and beautiful in her voluminous hoop skirts, is in love with John Carlton, described by Mary's wealthy father as "a beggarly clerk." Then the story goes on to tell of Mary's runaway marriage, and her life in America in the days of the Wild West in a little shack in Wyoming in the year 1870.

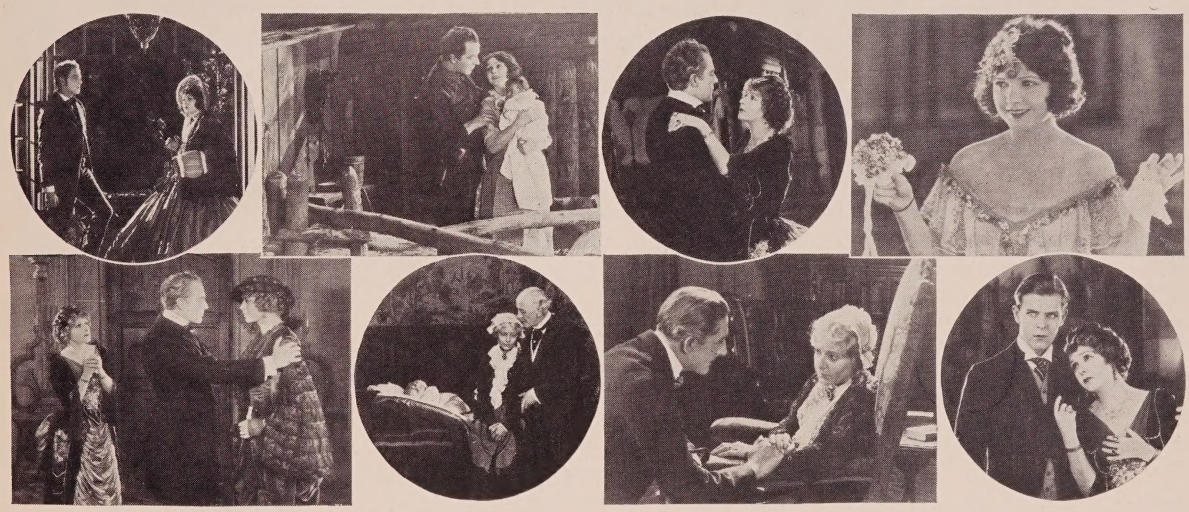
A band of out-laws get together to wreak vengeance upon John Carlton for being one of the leading spirits in sanctioning the lynching of three of their number—the notorious Red Jake and two of his confederates whom John has trapped in a cattle-stealing plot. The leader of the out-laws shouts an offer of immunity to Mary and her baby, if John will surrender himself. John is willing to give himself up to save his wife and child, but Mary rushes forward to prevent him saying she expects her man to fight for her. The firing then begins. Mary is struck in the arm by a stray shot and one of the out-laws gains entrance from the window and crawls forward to shoot John in the back, but as the enemy raises his pistol the wounded Mary musters up enough strength to fire and brings the man down. The bandits are about to take the house by storm when the timely arrival of the doctor (who has been summoned, owing to the illness of the baby) with the town posse puts them to rout. Only then does John learn that the baby had died just before the battle began. Mary has kept the sad news from him all the time fearing that he might have lost courage had he known of the tragedy.

Years pass, and the scene shifts again to England—to London, where John has returned and where his ability in matters of politics and statesmanship has rewarded him with Knighthood. They are Lord and Lady Carlton now. They are middle-aged

and the ache of losing their first-born has been somewhat assuaged by the happiness which comes to them from their four children.

It is the year 1888 and the day is Lady Mary's birthday. The children clamor to cut the birthday cake but Lady Mary advises waiting until their father returns. Just at this moment the butler announces that Sir John Carlton will not be home until late. With his growing affluence and prestige John has fallen a victim to the beauty and intrigues of the celebrated adventuress, Mrs. Eustace Mainwaring. He is torn between his infatuation for the younger woman and his recollection of the years of Mary's devotion and love.

scene bitterly resenting Mrs. Mainwaring's presence in his home. As soon as he is actually granted his freedom he discovers he does not want it. In penitence he breaks down and confesses his infidelity with other women on former occasions only to learn that Mary has known of them all along, but her love has been big enough to forgive everything for the sake of the years of struggle and love and "togetherness" in adversity and in success by which they were eternally bound.

It is such memories as these that Lady Mary carries in a heart ever young under her withered skin. The story is unfolded on the screen by means of entries in a diary.

Then there is a dramatic scene when Mrs. Mainwaring comes to the house in the midst of the birthday festivities and makes a bold plea for Mary to give John up. Lady Carlton who in her youth sacrificed wealth and social position to marry the penniless clerk, and then, uncomplainingly went through the hardships of the rough frontier life in a crude shack in the days when Indians and out-laws roamed the Wyoming plains, and later helped make her husband's success in London, does not hesitate for one moment to say that she will gracefully withdraw from his life if Sir John wills it so. Then John himself appears on the

When Sir John at the age of seventy-seven is stricken with pneumonia, Death and the doctor and little Lady Mary battle for his life. The latter exhausted from her eighteen hour vigil seats herself at a writing desk and takes out a diary worn with age. She is lost in reveries as she reads the passages of half a century of devoted married life and as she turns the pages the story is revealed on the silver sheet.

Devotion is the keynote of this lovable character — devotion which has never wavered for an instant from the man with whom she has shared poverty, perils, and pain.

Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in "Secrets"

WHY I PREFER FILMS TO THE STAGE

By Norma Talmadge

From the number of great stars of the speaking stage who have fallen short of film requirements and the many successful screen stars who would never rise above mediocrity on the "legitimate" stage, it seems to me only logical that the screen and the stage are distinct and separate arts.

From the technical viewpoint there is no comparing what is known as Art in stage setting with what has been accomplished by film technicians, judged from the standpoint of architecture, scenic effects, lighting and mechanical devices.

Where the stage holds the advantage is in the liberty permitted the dramatist and players, due, in a way, to their appealing to selective audiences, but greatly owing to the restraints of censorship.

I find the films entirely to my liking. My whole life is wrapped up in studio work, an enervating but completely absorbing occupation. I enjoy it to the exclusion of all other things.

I have not the slightest urge to go into the spoken drama. Never since the lure of the films first took hold of me have I felt tempted by the thought of trying the stage. Playing at acting with my sisters, in childhood, I dreamed of a career behind the footlights, of course. But when I "found myself" as a film actress, and memories of my childhood dream came back to me, the memory stirred no ambition. The voice training and practice in "acting out" spoken drama held none of the attraction which had fired me in the early stages of my film career.

I am essentially a film actress and prefer to remain so. The desire of the actor to hear the spectators' plaudits ringing in his ears, to feel the personal gratification of swaying the crowd across the footlights does not tempt me.

The great actor is known in the few places that can afford to pay to see him. His art has significance only for the comparatively few in the larger cities he visits, while the film actor is known to virtually the whole world. His celebrity is international. If he gives an exceptionally fine portrayal in a particular production, it is not necessary to turn to the reviewer to learn of it. The high and the low of all

countries, the rich and the poor of all lands, can see that performance and can thrill to it for a few pennies.

Theatrical folk are human—they are actuated by the same desire to profit financially by their talents as in other lines of artistic endeavor. The painter wants the highest price his picture can bring. The singer wants a salary commensurate with his drawing power. To the actor the salary is in some measure a rating of rank.

Rank for rank, those engaged in the various phases of film work are better paid than the stage. A stage star's salary would have to be multiplied two or three times to reach the proportions of a star of equal rank in the films.

Another telling point in favor of a cinema occupation is that the well paid and settled manner of life in the film colony gives the thespian an opportunity for home life denied by the stage. There are no Sunday matinees, Sunday studio work is rare, and the amount of night work is really scant. The film player is not the slave of his calling.

For me, there is not sufficient diversity on the stage. Diversity is one of the chief delights of film acting. On the stage one repeats the same thing over and over again, matinees and evenings. Here in the films I have my evenings at home to visit with my family and friends, study out my rôle for the picture I am making, read good books, attend the performances of cinemas and stage plays, entertain my friends, or prepare for the creation of the rôle for my next picture.

I go to bed early as a rule. Before the stage actor is able to remove his grease paint I usually am sound asleep. I can arise the next morning early, after a nice long rest and motor out to the stables for a trot over the open road toward the beach before the regular crush of motor traffic sets in. As I ride in the fresh air I have plenty of time to sympathize with the stage actor who gets to bed late and must sacrifice sleep and time to enjoy life as I do.

How different is traveling with a film company and with a road show. Troup-

ing with a traveling show is rank discomfort. It means jumping frog-like between small towns and larger cities, putting up in inferior hotels, hurrying out of make-up to catch a train, and then—doing the whole thing over again.

Film companies do their traveling to location leisurely. If the location is another city, the finest accommodations to be had are arranged in advance. If the location is some remote spot in the wilderness, the scenic beauty of the spot, which has been selected because of its picturesque splendor, more than compensates for the rigors of camping out.

Do those who pass over a film production with critical lightness ever pause for an intensive understanding of the artistic endeavor put into a moving picture production? Staging a theatre production is simple in comparison. In the theatre much of the "smoothing" is done after the play is launched. A moving picture must be polished to perfection before it is released. Once it is revealed to the public it cannot be altered.

Films require greater all-round perfection of detail than spoken plays. There are more responsibilities in which failure of a single factor results in a failure of the production. Direction, acting, story, photography, setting, titling, cutting of the filmed negative, each in itself vital; all these must co-ordinate to make a perfect composition.

But a stage play can be carried to success on the shoulders of a single actor. And that actor, or actress's success can spring from mannerisms or theatrical tricks. Mannerisms are fatal to a film star—that is, a star who really attempts to attain the artistic in film acting.

To compare the cinema to the stage is really unfair. One would not think of matching the student against his teacher, or the child's mental capacity against its father's. Nor are the methods of stage and screen exactly analogous. The screen methods are nearer those of the painter or the composer of symphony. A film is a mass of detail which must be shaped under the mastery of the director.

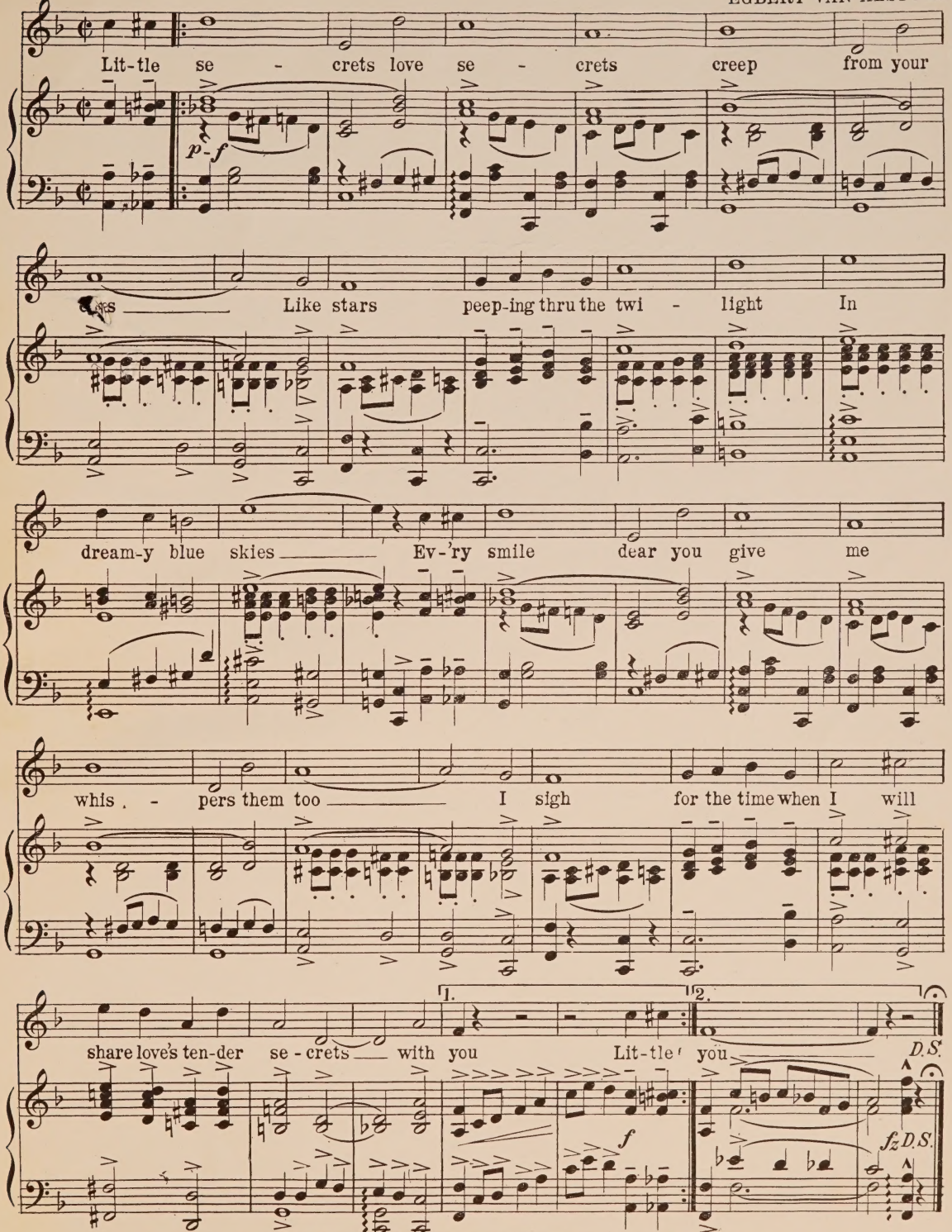
The director is a responsible head, the guiding mind. But the component parts of a production are totally in the trust of various staff members who are supposed to put the ideas of the director into effect. Failure to do so may ruin the production. The architect must design his sets to conform to the director's ideas of the angles from which the scenes should be shot. It is not sufficient that he should merely follow the scenario directions, or create beautiful structures. The cameraman must light his sets so that the things the director seeks to stress will be brought out in the photography.

Music is an indispensable factor and the preparation of the musical score is regarded in the studio as of as much importance in the preparation of a big film as any other phase of production.

Making pictures is a colossal game. To me it is life It gives me what I want, and I try to give to it the best that is in me.

SECRETS SONG

By HAVEN GILLESPIE
AL. SOBLER and
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE


Lit-tle se - crets love se - crets creep from your
p-f
eyes Like stars peep-ing thru the twi - light In
dream-y blue skies Ev-'ry smile dear you give me
whis - pers them too I sigh for the time when I will
1.
2.
share love's ten-der se - crets with you Lit-tle you
D.S.
f
fz
D.S.

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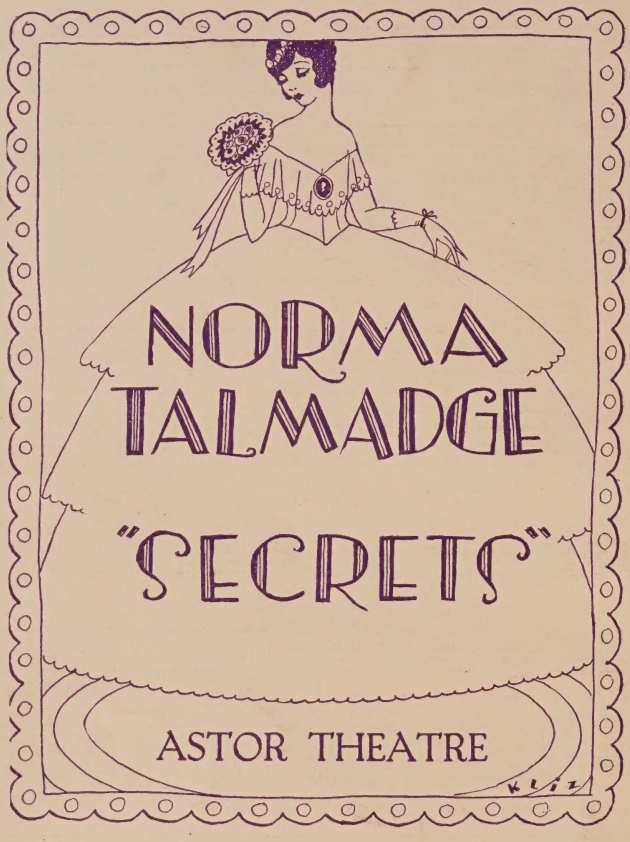

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